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No. 111.

SHE IS COMING.

BY MARY B. COLBY.

She is coming—I hear the tread
Of her little feet.
And I see the poise of her queenly head,
And feel the light that her brown eyes shed
From their depths so sweet.

She is coming—I see the flash
Of two shining rings,
And catch a glimpse of a long blue sash,
And the drooping sweep of a dark eyelash
As she softly sings.

She is coming—I see a curl
Of her bonnie hair,
That the winds lift up with a merry whirl
From a throat as white as a dainty pearl,
In its beauty rare.

She is coming—I catch a light
Through the trees! dark green,
Of the trailing skirt of a dress of white,
Over which the moon, in its rising light,
Throws a silver sheen.

She is coming—I know it well;
She is drawing near;
I hear her voice like a clear, sweet bell,
And the flowers, and the stars, and breezes tell
She is almost here.

Hercules, the Hunchback: The Fire-Fiends of Chicago.

A REVELATION OF THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.
AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "HOODWINKED,"
"BLACK CHESCENT," "BLACK HAND," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

MYSTERY AND PLOTS.

We left Evard Greville, in our first chapter, cowering before the shadowy opposition which seemed to rise, in the gloom of the stairway, like a specter, to unnerve and terrify him.

His muscles weakened, and he came near letting fall the human burden he carried. The feeling of dread, which seized him, now increased, as the ghostly form vouchsafed no answer to his challenge; he felt the perspiration oozing out upon his forehead in icy beads.

"Who are you?" he demanded again, though with faltering voice.

There was a metallic "click," a sliding sound—a bright ray of light darted full in his face, discovering its pallor and startled look.

The figure had opened a dark lantern on him.

Then, from behind the light, which obscured the one who held it, came a sepulchral tone:

"Evard Greville."

"Ay, Evard Greville!" exclaimed the young man, breathing freer at this evidence of the other's humanity. "What do you want of him?"

"Evard Greville," repeated the unseen, slowly.

"What mummery is this? Show yourself to me, whoever you are."

Had he been unnumbered, he would have sprung forward and solved the mystery, for he was not a coward; yet there was a bewildering air about the strange presence, which might still have held him in awe.

"If you would see my face, then follow—follow, Evard Greville."

The light began to recede. Step by step he advanced.

As they passed a lounge in the entry, he laid Hermoine upon it, still keeping his eyes bent on the lantern.

Along the hall, into a side passage, slowly on they went; the silence grew deeper; momentary chills were creeping over him, for, though he knew the dark visitant was a man, like himself, there was a something which whispered enigmatical threatenings in his ear.

"How much further? Cease this. Show yourself—if you dare."

The light suddenly paused.

"Evard Greville, what have you done? Beware!—crime has its punishments, sooner or later, and your time may be close at hand."

"What have I done, that you are here to question me?"

"Where is Mortimer Gascon?"

"Ha!—you—what of him?"

"Ay, 'what of him?' Where is he, I ask?"

"What do I know of Mortimer Gascon?"

"He came to your house a month ago," continued that deep, hoarse voice. "Today he lay in a room up-stairs—now he is gone. Where is he?"

"Out! I know nothing of him!"

"You lie, Evard Greville—"

"Ha! you dare—"

"Stand off!" as the young man started forward with fist clenched. "I hold a cocked pistol leveled at your heart. One more step, and you die!"

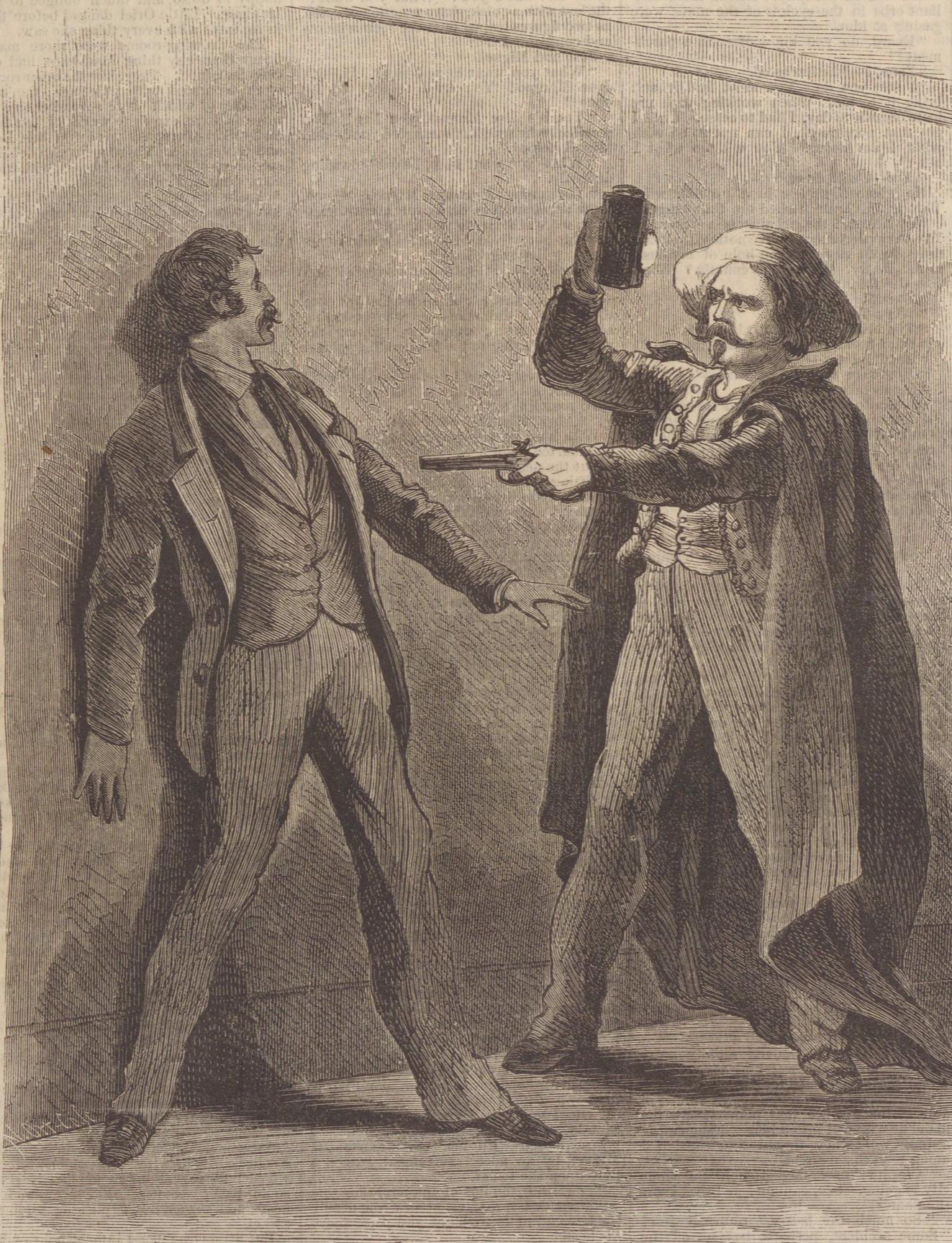
Evard shrank back. As he did so, the figure spoke again.

"What you can not answer, I can answer for you. Mortimer Gascon is dead!"

"Yes, he is dead. What of it?" with an accent of defiance.

"Evard Greville, three years ago a happy family lived in peace in this city. Now, there is not one left. The family left great wealth, which went to one Mortimer Gascon; then, in case of his death, to his nice and nephew, Hermoine and Evard Greville. Your hand struck out the life of each—sent all before the bar of Heaven to charge you as their murderer!"

"It's a lie!"



"One more step, and you die!"

"You managed it all, that you and Hermoine might inherit. But, there is more yet: Hermoine has to learn what I know. Evard Greville, when his parents died, was in New Orleans. He never came North; but another did; that other was named Carl Grand; and it was Carl Grand who had destroyed the family, in keeping with the pledge of the bullet-scar!"

His listener was trembling.

"A lie, I say!—all a lie!"

"You doubt my knowledge of what you have done?—behold!"

The speaker turned the lantern's rays upon his own face. He had no sooner done so than Greville uttered a sharp cry, and staggered backward to the wall.

"Behold!—one victim escaped you!" But Greville heard him not; he was lying insensible upon the floor, his upturned face white and cold as marble.

A few moments the mysterious personage stood contemplating the motionless form; then, extinguishing the lamp, he stole noiselessly away—retracing his steps along the entry, descending the stairs, and passing out at the front entrance.

"What's that?" he exclaimed, pausing, with the door half closed.

"Ha! ha! ha!" rung through the house in a wild, uncouth strain.

It startled him, for he shut the door with a bang, and leaped down the steps.

When next we see him, he is turning the corner at Washington and Ada streets. A cab was standing near, which seemed to be awaiting him, for he immediately got into it, saying:

"Now then, to the tunnel—go! Ply your whip!"

The vehicle was soon speeding onward, its occupant sitting stiff and silent, while, had it been possible to see his face, we would have marked therein an expression of intense satisfaction.

"Let him tremble now!" he muttered, with a grit of his teeth. "Jose Moveno is not dead yet—Madre! no. Hal h-a-a!—a savage chuckle—"look to yourself, Carl Grand! You may think that, as you are

warned, you will escape? Try it! Wrong for wrong," is my motto; and I never forgive!"

When the cab paused at the west end of the tunnel, it was approached by a man who wore a heavy slouched hat pulled down over his brow, till only a heavy growth of beard, and a pair of dagger-like eyes, were visible.

"Come, Miguel," said the one in the cab, throwing open the door.

"Am I not coming?" returned this new party, in a surly tone.

Stepping inside, he seated himself with a bump that threatened to start the springs, and vented a grunt, as he settled himself comfortably.

You are liquor-soaked!—catching a

bellyful, half whining. "I must move it, else it will stick fast, it is so dry. There we are in the dark. A ghost will grip us!"

"We, too, have business. Come!"

"The sooner, the better. Let us be out of this black hole!—oh! oh! ouch! oo-o-o!"

"Fool! You will have the police down on us! What's the matter?"

In his haste to ascend the ladder-steps, Miguel had tripped and scraped his shins severely.

"O-h! my legs—captain! my legs—they are broken!"

"Bah! go on."

When they reached the gate, Jose paused, and Miguel grunted as he ran against him.

"Sh!"

"Sh!" imitated Miguel.

"Do you know where we are going?"

"How should I, when you haven't told me?" exclaimed the Spaniard, under his breath.

"While our men are setting fire to the city, we'll go to the negress who calls herself the mother of Hercules."

"Good!"

"Sh!"

"Sh!" imitated Miguel, again.

"We know that she buried money in New Orleans—"

"So we do—" breaking in; "but where?"

Did we not half strangle her, and then toss her into the Basin? Yet, did we find out?

Devil catch her! she has died once, and will die again, before—"

"No harm in trying. She may know us better, now."

"True. Lead on, captain," but he added quickly: "Look, now; she can fight furiously!"

"You do not fear her?"

"Boo! fear a woman?—not I. Who says I ever ran from a woman?"

"Come on—sh!"

"Sh!" and Miguel tip-toed after his captain.

"See!" exclaimed Jose, suddenly. "Some one is ahead of us!"

"Cospita! yes!"

They saw a bright glare in the heavens,

and, in the same moment, the quick strokes of the alarm-bells rung out on the air.

and the "eh" had a significant prolongation as it came from the Spaniard's lips.

"There'll be no trouble in it. I followed her to her den this morning."

"Good! we'll visit her at once—eh?"

This time we'll make sure, purposely to spite the Hunchback. I hate him, because he did not die when we tried to make him do so—well, what ails you, fellow?"

The cab had halted, and the driver was peering in through the box-window.

"I say, is it here you want to stop?"

Jose glanced out.

"Yes," he said. "Come on, Miguel."

The two alighted, and paying the man, moved away.

Skulking along South Water street for some distance—proceeding in a manner honest men do not assume—they presently stopped before a narrow private alley, next to a gloomy warehouse.

"Miguel,"

"Well?"

"Hercules, the Hunchback!" cried Miguel, in astonishment; "why, we pitched him from a roof, in New Orleans—"

"True; yet he is here. I saw him. He bore the mark of my knife on his temple."

"The fellow is a cat!—he has nine lives!"

"More; the old wench, his mother—as he calls her—is close by, too."

"No! And we killed her, besides—"

"Tried to, and failed. A word from Hercules, or from the negress, will send us to the gallows, perhaps."

"Cospita! it is horrible to be hanged!"

Let us make a note of this significant assemblage.

They were in the rear cellar of the warehouse. On all four sides brackets were fixed in the walls, and from the brackets dark lanterns shot forth their rays to a common center.

A glance at the four men discovers them to be hardened ruffians, strong of limb and muscle, repulsive in feature, by nature devilish, by profession thieves.

Jose Moreno—called their captain—was a Spaniard. He was of slim figure, supple, elastic; his face wearing an expression not overgood, while the glance of his eye was full of a sneaky sparkle.

He who accompanied Jose was also a Spaniard. He stood about five feet, four inches; was nearly as broad as tall. His countenance of beard and bloat had a treacherous mold; his carriage was dare-devil—with a swagger, and jerk of the shoulders; his whole appearance that of a half-reckless, half-cowardly bully, and a man to be feared in the dark.

His first utterance was a snarl at the man who had drawn the pistol.

"Look, now; shall I twist your head off?"

"Hide that pistol, or—"

"Tut! tut! Miguel," interrupted Jose;

"what use in threatening a comrade?"

"He's a fool! Let him learn manners.

He should know better than—Hold, captain! I don't quarrel with you!" the last as Jose frowned and took a step toward him.

"Quiet yourself, then," advised Jose;

and he continued, to the others: "Our plans, comrades—are they laid?"

"Yes."

"So? Let me see."

One of them handed him a roll of parchment. It was a map of the city.

As he glanced over it, he said:

"These dots, here, tell where you will light the fires?"

"Yes."

"You must be sure to act all at once."

"No fear on that—eh, comrades?" exclaimed their spokesman.

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set my uncle against me; and I robbed his desk afterward, and laid the blame on his adopted daughter; that led to her being turned out of his house. I don't deceive you, Emily; I am a reprobate out and out. But I will reform, if I can have you with me."

"And where first would you take me and my boy?"

"Oh, the boy! Well, we will leave him to comfort the old man for your loss."

"Albert!" cried the girl, recollecting; "do you think I will leave my child?"

"He would be a little in the way, just at present."

"I will never part with him for a single hour!"

"We can send for him when we are settled."

The girl looked around as if she feared some one might overhear her. But only the deep breathing of her child asleep in the adjoining room was heard. She laid her hand on young Morell's arm.

"I will tell you a secret, Albert! I will let you know my plans. My father does not know anything yet, but I mean that he shall, before I leave him. My voice has come back. I have been laying out a way to earn my living in London and a support for my child."

"You, Emily?"

"Yes! but you did not know what a voice I have had! I had lessons in singing—years ago—and I often went up to the great house, to practice in the music-room! It was there I used to see Mr. Edward—"

"And he fell in love with your sweet voice! I have heard of it. He loved you, and deceived you by the promise of marriage he would have kept, if he had lived."

"I always meant to do something with my voice," said the girl, disregarding his last words; "and since the trouble came on me, I have depended on it, and I have not neglected it. I have sung at more than one provincial concert. I thought I might sing at one of the theaters."

"My poor girl—a hundred singers with better culture than you could have had would be before you! Now your good looks might have some effect! I will take you to the managers, and we will try them."

"It is no joke, Albert! I have a friend in London who knows Madame Binatelli."

"Well—"

"Well—and she, my friend, has almost got the promise from her to get me an engagement at one of the theaters to sing."

"As prima donna!"

"Be silent! You are laughing at me! In the choruses at first. But I shall get on. I will work very hard. If my full voice comes back, I shall not be afraid."

"Then let us go at once, darling."

"I must wait to get my father's consent; and I will not go with you, Albert, unless we are married before I leave home."

"You say nothing, Albert! I suppose you have nothing to say. Thanks for the honor you do me!"

The girl made him a sweeping theatrical curtsey.

"Emily, you mistake me; I was thinking—"

"That you don't want to be incumbered just now! Very well; nor I either. More than that, I will never part from little Edward. Go you then to London—do all you can for me there; help me to begin my career, and when I get my engagement, you can visit me. That is all you can do for me at present."

When will you come?"

"As soon as my friend sends me a message from Signora Binatelli, that I can have employment, with a salary."

"Perhaps I can do something for you. I will try."

"Oh, if you can, Albert, I shall be so grateful!"

"If you go on the stage, Emily, you will need a wardrobe, and many other things."

"All that must be arranged. I have done a great deal toward it. And I shall be under the signora's patronage."

"She will not like you; you are too pretty. These Italians are apt to be jealous."

"Albert, do not talk nonsense."

"The Italian women bear no rivals. If one of her lovers fancies you, she will have a stiletto for you, or a paper of poison, if you get in her way."

"But I shall not be in her way. She is a great singer, and she will find me ready to do her service."

"You know nothing of London, Emily; you will need me at all times."

"But you shall not come near me, except as a friend, like the rest, you know, till we can be married."

"With my uncle's consent?"

"Or without it, if you have a home for your wife?"

"I shall not be always a vagabond, I trust. Well—I suppose I must submit, till I can send you word from your Italian mistress. When did you see Hugh Rawd?"

The girl crimsoned with anger.

"Never, since he brought me that opinion from the lawyer in London—that my marriage was invalid. If I had the papers, I would inquire for myself. If I had been rich, I could have had justice!"

"Who has the papers?"

"Mr. Rawd. He always kept them. He said they were of no use."

"The man is shrewd; if there had been ground to stand upon, he would have stood by you; for it would have been the making of him, I suppose."

"He said there was no ground. If he had any interest in deceiving me, I would not believe him. I would try for myself, even without the papers, if I could!"

"Why don't you, Emily?"

"Hugh Rawd has the papers. I could offer no proof that the ceremony ever took place. Mr. Rawd and my mother were the only witnesses, and it was in the old chapel."

"Surely, you were not fool enough to leave the certificate and other proofs with Mr. Rawd!"

"He took them, at the time, to keep them for me, he said, and afterward he wanted to show them to the lawyer, and consult him about them. When he brought back the lawyer's answer, I asked him to give the papers back to me."

"And did he not?"

"No—he put me off from time to time, saying he wanted to consult some one else. But I must have them before I go. Where is Hugh?"

"How can I tell?"

"You were together, I heard him say. It was some time since."

"That was in Wales. He had some business there of—Mr. Marlitt's."

Desperate as he was, the young man's face darkened when he thought of that fatal night on the cliffs, and what had followed.

"Who can it be?" Emily thought of Al-

"That was an awful affair," he said, in a low tone, "but it led the way to Mrs. Clermont's coming here. They say she can only hold the property by marrying one of the Clermont blood, and it was lucky for her that her husband fell off the bridge that night."

"Why so?" inquired Emily, who knew nothing of the history.

"The old man's will leaves the property to her only if she marries a member of the family; if she does not, it goes to a hospital on the other side of London Bridge."

"But she is here already, as the mistress, and has every thing in her hands."

"That is only for one year. If she does not agree by that time to fulfill the condition, she must give the fortune all up. Now, if I could pass myself off as a relation of old Clermont's, I might be tempted to be a traitor to you, my girl."

"Indeed I will, and thank you so much."

The Italian did not mention that the pale gentleman of the private box, whose admiration for the girl she had marked with such alarm, was a lover of her own; a favored visitor for more than a year; and that her apprehensions were the offspring of jealousy.

Poor Emily was in a worse condition for the performance of her part than before. She trembled violently when she went again on the stage, and glanced furtively around. At last her eye caught the figure of the gentleman in the private box.

It was at the moment of the conclusion of a beautiful duet, when the house rang with applause. The gentleman smiled as he met her look, and threw the bouquet he held, which fell at her feet.

Emily's gaze was transfixed. Too well did she recognize that face, and her heart died within her.

Some one on the stage picked up the bouquet and presented it to her. She took it mechanically, bowed her head, and was led off the stage.

Behind the scenes she sank into a chair, looking so pale that one of the artists ran for a glass of water and held it to her lips. She begged to be taken to her dressing-room.

As she laid down the bouquet, after reaching the room, she noticed a card, and a folded paper. The paper was a cheque for a hundred pounds. The card bore the name, "Jasper Marlitt," and these words were written under it in pencil:

"I will call on you after the opera is over. Can you let me stay to supper?"

Hardly able to collect her thoughts, Emily thrust the card and cheque into an envelope, sealed it, and with a pencil she took from her bosom, hastily directed it.

"I can not see him," she murmured. "I dare not see him. He must have this back at once."

The bewilderment and agitation of these little occurrences were most unfavorable to the self-possession necessary to insure the girl's success in a new part.

When she reappeared on the stage, it was a relief to see that the private-box was empty. Marlitt had left the theater.

With a sigh of thankfulness, she addressed herself to her task. It was creditably performed; but she could not perceive that the manager's expectations were disappointed. She had lost, not gained, by his night's venture.

As soon as she was released from her duties, she hastened to Binatelli's dressing-room, and tapped eagerly at the door. The lady was seated at her toilette; she wore the rich jewels and splendid dress of her part.

"Oh, madame!" cried the girl, "you promised to protect me! I have seen him; he has left the theater! He threw me a bouquet with his card, and says he will call on me to-night!"

"He is a daring man!" exclaimed the Italian, with a dark frown on her brow, and rising.

Emily drew the sealed envelope from the pocket of her dress.

"He sent me money," she said; "it is here with his card. I wish to return both."

"And the bouquet?"

"I left it above stairs. How shall I return these, madame?"

"Give them to me. I will see him, and give them to him," said the Italian. She took the envelope.

"And, dear madam, will you take me home, as you said?"

"You shall go immediately."

"Oh, thank you!"

The Italian rang a small bell. A boy came in.

"See if my carriage is ready. The one with the colored lamps."

In a few moments the boy returned to say the carriage was at the rear entrance.

"Now you may go—*mais cara*," said the boy.

"And you, too, madame?"

"I have to receive a person on business. That is all."

"Oh, I will wait for you, then!"

"No—*Amelia mia*. I must see the person alone. Go you now; I will follow you."

Her gesture was peremptory, and Emily obeyed it, following the boy to the carriage. She saw a man wrapped closely in a cloak leaning against one of the pillars; but took no particular notice of him, for she could not see his face. She went on quickly, unconscious that she was betrayed into a trap.

The man followed her at a distance. As he saw her step into Binatelli's carriage, he gave a low whistle, as if he scented some plot. Then he hastily beckoned to a cabman, whispered to him, got into the vehicle and closed the door and windows.

The drive appeared long to Emily, who had never before been at the signora's house. She could not help fancying the coachman had mistaken his direction, and was about to call to him to inquire, when the carriage suddenly stopped.

Some one fumbled at the handle of the door, and pulled it open. A man stepped in, took the seat opposite her, and pulled the door to behind him.

Emily was dreadfully frightened. She knocked loudly on the glass.

The man caught her by the wrist. "That will not do good!" he whispered.

"Who are you, sir?" gasped the terrified girl.

"What is that you say, madame?" she cried.

"Your scandalous life has set the world against you."

"Oh, madame! how cruel, how unjust! You to misjudge me; you, to whom I owe so much!"

"I did not know of it till very lately, or I should not have encouraged you to enter the profession."

"Who has dared to slander me? Tell me, I treat you, madame."

"No one has slandered you; but—the whole truth would vindicate, not condemn me! Give me only time to prove my innocence!"

"You shall have time; do not fear! And I will be your friend, if you will let me!"

The voice was rough, and evidently disguised.

"Leave the carriage this moment!" cried the singer. "Tell me, rather, why you left the girl at my house?"

"I am aware of that; as I am here by invitation."

"You are a stranger!"

"I know her better than you do!"

"You are going to her house?"

"Not exactly; this is not the way to it."

Emily's alarm increased. Again she tried to open the door.

"No more of that, Miss Watts. You

bert, but she had seen him lately, and he had promised not to molest her. "Was it a tall, pale young man?"

"Hush!" whispered the singer; "not—not the one you are thinking of; I know him. This one is a rich gentleman; he sat in one of the private boxes. His attentions will do you great harm; he means to visit you; I will keep him away from you!"

"Oh, thanks, madame!"

"When you come from the stage, come directly to my dressing-room, and go home with me. Will you do this?"

"Indeed I will, and thank you so much."

The Italian did not mention that the pale gentleman of the private box, whose admiration for the girl she had marked with such alarm, was a lover of her own; a favored visitor for more than a year; and that her apprehensions were the offspring of jealousy.

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you my word, in six months you shall be the lady of the manor."

"I do not believe a word you say."

"If I prove my power to do all I promise will you marry me?"

"When?"

"To-morrow; as soon as possible."

The girl looked at him and shuddered.

"No. Hugh Rawd, I never would marry you. I should be too miserable."

"Not to place your boy among the nobles of the land?"

"Not even for that; though I would give my life to do it! I am afraid of you; I abhor you; how could I live as your wife?"

"Take care, madam, how you talk to me in this way! So—perhaps you are in love with some one else; this Mr. Marlitt, perhaps?"

"No, I dislike him; I never want to see him again!" cried the girl, passionately.

"He is in love with you; he came to London more on your account than Binatelli's. That is why she hated you."

"I will run away from them all; I will go back to my father! He will take care of me."

"Into the lion's mouth! Mr. Marlitt lives at Broadhurst!"

"But he can not molest me there!"

"No, he can not; for he is going to marry the lady who is mistress there, and she would protect you. But I shall follow you!"

"You dare not! I have heard that you and Mr. Marlitt have quarreled. He will not suffer you there."

Hugh scowled at her.

"Perhaps Mr. Albert Morell may be a more favored suitor? But beware, madam! I have a hold on him that may touch his life!"

"He has never killed any one! Can you say as much, Mr. Hugh?"

"I can get him transported, at any rate. You shall never marry him!"

"I do not want to marry anybody; you last of all! Now you have my answer. Leave this room; or I will leave it."

"I shall take you with me, Emily."

"You will leave me, sir, and at once! I am not afraid of you; but I will not be molested! Begone this moment!"

The villain stood still. His face expressed savage determination. Emily caught up her shawl, and went to the mirror, which was still ajar. Through the narrow aperture she saw a passage behind it.

"Where does this lead?" she asked, resolutely.

"You can not get out that way! It leads down stairs; through the servants' chambers."

He strode after her, and pushed the mirror frame into its place in the wall.

Emily watched her opportunity, darted across the room, and before he could intercept her, had unlocked the door leading into the corridor, and thrown it open.

"Now, sir, begone! she reiterated.

"With you my charmer!" he cried, flinging his arm around her, and trying to stop her mouth with the other hand. She struggled violently; but he drew her forcibly down the corridor, nearly to the head of the broad stairway, before she had time to utter a word. In the dim light she could not see whether he was carrying her.

Dashing away his hand from her mouth, she screamed loudly for help. He snatched a handkerchief to her mouth, and dragged her on.

Rapid steps were heard coming up the stairs; and the next instant a powerful arm hurled Hugh backward, while its owner tore the girl from his grasp.

"Oh, Mr. Marlitt!" exclaimed the girl.

"He came into my room by a secret door. Madame Binatelli sent him again!"

"This room, child; go in here!" replied the gentleman, throwing open another door at the head of the stairs. "You see it is empty. You will be safe here. Go in; I will deal with this ruffian."

Emily obeyed him at once, locking the door and bolting it after her.

"Now, sir, you must account to me for your unexpected return. How came you here, when you agreed to stay out of the country?"

"I was tired of foreign tongues and faces; that is all."

"Do you know that you risk an arrest, and the gibbet, by being here?"

"If I hang, somebody will hang with me!" muttered the ruffian.

"You can implicate nobody; you have not a shred to prove your words! If you cross my path again, I will let you play your game out. Now you must begone, and not dare to show your face to any one who ever knew you."

"There are two words to that!"

"Then I must make it necessary for you, by sending a description of you to Scotland Yard as the murderer of two men in Wales," said the other, savagely.

"I will turn State's evidence!"

"Against whom? You can not prove that I employed you in any thing."

The man looked at Marlitt, and saw that he was in earnest. He muttered something of "ingratitude," and having no money.

"Here is a cheque for a hundred pounds"—and Marlitt drew out the one Emily had returned to him. "You can travel on this till my marriage, and then I will send you an allowance, payable as long as you stay abroad. You must go to Australia."

"That is something reasonable," was the reply.

"You can take your choice between my offer and immediate arrest. I shall not let you leave the hotel, unless you promise to leave England before the next moon."

"I have no wish to stay here, sir. If I can not have the girl I love—"

"She would marry a Hottentot sooner! If you are jealous of me, I promise you to leave her alone. I have other projects."

"I know you have," muttered the man, in an undertone; "and one of these days I will dash them for you."

"Will you agree to what I require of you? Will you go to Australia?"

"I have no choice. I will leave this cursed country again; for it would not do to be tried for my life before I have the means of defense. Give me the money."

"No—I can not trust you. You may sleep here in my room. In the morning I will go to the docks with you, and see you off in the first outward-bound vessel. I will give you the money in parting from you."

Hugh Rawd was obliged to submit. He silently followed his late employer to his apartments.

On Albert Morell's next visit, he was accepted by the disappointed debutante. The marriage took place some time after her return to her father's house. The young pair returned to London, where Emily sung in small concerts, and procured private pupils.

(To be continued—Continued in No. 105.)

Saturday Journal

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1872.

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One copy, four months \$1.00
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Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper is always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have them.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters of business, should be addressed to BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Our Arm-Chair.

Less than Letter Rates.—As there appears to be great misapprehension of the Postal Laws regarding what matter can pass at less than "letter rates," we give the following as some of the specifications:

A monthly journal, not exceeding four ounces in weight, can only pass through the mails to subscribers at a postage of three cents per quarter, in advance.

One or more newspapers may be inclosed in the same package and sent by mail at the rate of two cents for each four ounces, or fraction thereof.

Publishers of newspapers can not send specimens of their papers to postmasters and others without prepayment of postage thereon.

Newscasters may pay the postage on their packages of newspapers and periodicals as received, at the same rate that actual subscribers take quarterly in advance. If he receives a package of thirteen pence he is required to pay only five cents; if less or more than that number he pays at the same proportionate rates.

A subscriber receiving a newspaper for one month must pay either transient rates or for the whole quarter in advance.

Publishers may inclose in their publication to regular subscribers the bills for subscription without additional charge for postage, and may write or print upon their regular publications or upon the wrappers thereof, the name and address of the subscriber thereto, and the date when the subscription will expire, but any other inclosure in addition to writing or in print will subject the same to letter rates of postage.

All newspapers sent by publishers to those who are not regular subscribers must be prepaid at transient rates, two cents for each four ounces or fraction thereof.

Publications borrowing the name and having the form and some of the characteristics of a newspaper, but depending on their advertisements for support, can not be classed with regular newspapers in regard to postage, but must be treated as miscellaneous printed matter, and be prepaid at the mailing office.

When unallowable articles reach a post-office with less than letter rates of postage prepaid thereon, it is the duty of the postmaster to collect the postage due before delivery thereof.

A package of circulars—the circulars having no address thereon—may be mailed to one address at the rate of two cents for each four ounces or fraction thereof.

If newspapers be brought by express and deposited in a post-office for delivery, the postmaster should collect the same postage as though received by mail.

Book manuscript and corrected proofs passing between authors and publishers may pass at the rate of printed matter, (2 cents for four ounces, or fraction thereof), but manuscript for newspapers, magazines, periodicals, etc., or any matter wholly or partly in writing, except as above-mentioned, is subject to letter postage.

Printed, paper-covered novels and similar publications, to be rated at two cents for each four ounces, or fraction thereof, prepaid by stamps, except when issued regularly at stated intervals, at least as often as quarterly, in which case they are to be classed as periodicals, and rated accordingly.

A package of circulars—the circulars having no address thereon—may be mailed to one address at the rate of two cents for each four ounces or fraction thereof.

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Transient matter weighing less than four ounces, can not pass through the mails at less than two cents, prepaid by stamps.

When newspapers, other than weeklies, to regular subscribers in the country, are deposited in an office for delivery, they must be properly addressed and prepaid at drop rates, one cent each.

If weekly newspapers are delivered by letter-carriers, they are chargeable with postage at the rate of five cents per quarter, payable quarterly, or yearly in advance; but if delivered at the post-office, no charge will be made.

A Lesson for Parents.—The number of suicides committed by young persons—frequently by mere children—is exciting discussion and enlisting inquiry. It is conceded that a deep cause underlies this vast and desperate resort to self-destruction. This cause, in general terms, indicated in the expression, "false education," but more specifically in the want of proper mental and moral development.

In the young, any great mental excitement is an evil. Their tender minds are not yet adapted to the strain, and it is fair to assume that thousands of young persons are yearly injured for life by shocks to their nervous and mental systems. How many a bright boy or sprightly girl becomes the stupid, commonplace man or woman, every observant person knows. The cause lies in some terrible overstrain—a common form of which is indicated in this paragraph by a leading journalist:

"The American boy eats his share of his father's knowledge from the time he can sit at table. Tammany Rings, murders, social evils, are no mysteries to him; they fill his ears at every meal and his eyes whenever he looks into a paper. There is no attempt to hide from him any depth of human degradation or vice. Even worse than this: the troubles of the family—debts, struggles, disagreements—are laid upon his little shoulders with cruel carelessness, at an age when he should not know that there was such a thing as trouble in the world."

This laying upon young hearts the heavy burden of family sorrows and cares is very cruel, and even more than the parent can guess, affects the child.

Our homes are not bright and cheerful enough; our parents exact *too much* labor and effort from their children; our schools force the young minds too fast; our nights are spent in amusements instead of in healthy sleep; our food is too exciting and stimula-

tive; and so, altogether, American boys and girls are developed into a manhood or womanhood which is but the prelude to unhappiness and ill-health.

The remedy is open to each and all. Lead more quiet lives; live in more harmonious home relations; take time for all things; be less anxious for wealth and position and more anxious for health and happiness.

THE CRY OF WOMANHOOD.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

I HEAR from all this land the wail of womanhood. Man has nothing to answer to that wail but flattery. He says she is an angel. She is not. She knows she is not. She is a human being, who gets hungry when she has no food, and cold when she has no fire. Give her no more flattery; give her justice!

There are thirty-five thousand sewing-girls in New York and Brooklyn. Across the darkness of this night I hear their death-groan. It is not such a cry as comes from those who are suddenly hurried out of life, but a slow, grinding, horrible wasting away. Gather them before you and look into their faces, pinched, ghastly, hunger-struck! Look at their fingers, needle-picked and blood-tipped! See that premature stoop in the shoulders! Hear that dry, hacking, merciless cough!

At a large meeting of these women, held in a hall in Philadelphia, grand speeches were delivered, but a needle-woman took the stand, threw aside her faded shawl, and, with her shriveled arm, hurled a very thunderbolt of eloquence, speaking out of the horrors of her own experience.

Stand at the corner of a street in New York at half-past five or six in the morning, as the women go to their work. Many of them had no breakfast except the crumbs that were left over from the night before, or a crust they chewed on their way through the street. Here they come! The working girls of New York and Brooklyn! These engaged in bead-work, these in flower-making, in millinery, enameling, cigar-making, book-binding, labeling, feather-picking, print-coloring, paper-box making, but, most overworked of all, and least compensated, the sewing-women. Why do they not take the city girls on their way up? They can not afford the five cents! If, concluding to deny herself something else, she gets into a car, give her a seat! You want to see how Latimer and Ridley appeared in the fire: look at that woman and behold a more terrible martyrdom, a hotter fire, a more agonizing death! Ask that woman how much she gets for her work, and she will tell you six cents for making coarse shirts, and finds her own thread!

Last Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive in her delirium, she said, gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I am so tired! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents! Eight cents!" We found afterward that she was making garments for eight cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!

Some of the worst villains in the city are the employers of these women. They beat them down to the last penny, and try to cheat them out of that. The woman must deposit a dollar or two before she gets the garments to work on. When the work is done it is sharply inspected, the most insignificant flaws picked out, and the wages reduced, and sometimes the dollar deposited not given back. The Women's Protective Union reports a case where one of these poor souls, finding a place where she could get more wages, resolved to change employers, and went to get her pay for work done. The employer says: "I hear you are going to leave me?"—"Yes," she said, "and I have come to get what you owe me!" He made no answer. She said: "Are you not going to pay me?"—"Yes," he said, "I will pay you;" and he kicked her down the stairs!

How are these evils to be eradicated? What have you to answer, you who sell coats, and have shoes made, and contract for the Southern and Western markets? What help is there, what panacea, what redemption? Some say: "Give women the ballot." What effect such ballot might have on other questions I am not here to discuss; but what would be the effect of female suffrage upon woman's wages? I do not believe that woman will ever get justice by staves!

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REMNANTS.

BY M. A. DARLEY.

There's a little brown dress in the closet,
There are bonnets and things laid away;

To mend us our little May
There's a little rosebush in the garden,

A picture of one long passed by;
It's a face that belongs to her Maker,

Who lives far beyond the bright sky.

There's a wee pair of shoes in the pantry,
With the two little toes copper-tipped;

Which our sweet May bid has walked in,
In which our sweet May bid has skipped.

There's a little rosebush in the garden,
Which we all loved so dear to hear chanted,

There's a little low chair in the corner,
In which our sweet May often sat.

There are little toys up on the mantle;
There's a quaint little crib laid aside;

There's a little rosebush in the garden,
That belonged to the one that has died.

There's a little stone slab at the head,
With a little stone slab at its head;

There's an evergreen wreath on the headstone,
To remind us of one that is dead.

Cecil's Deceit:
THE DIAMOND LEGACY.BY MRS. JENNIE D. BURTON,
AUTHOR OF "ADRIA, THE ADOPTED;" OR, THE MYSTERY OF ELLSFORD GRANGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE POWER OF GUILTY LOVE.

A WEEK, marked by only commonplace events went by at Frampton Place. Olive had quite recovered from the effects of her night's exposure, and Sophie Darnley, who remained a few days, had taken her departure.

The repairs upon the main body of the house were quite completed; upholsterers from the city had arrived and were engaged in fitting the rooms with elegant modern furnishings.

There was still much to be done, a whole wing untouched, but a number of the workmen had been dismissed and a short reprieve granted to the rest.

Dick Holstead—good son that he was—took advantage of the time to pay a welcome visit to his mother. Before he went, he had been made acquainted with the fact, not yet announced without the immediate family, of Olive's engagement to Victor D'Arno.

Whatever he may have felt of bitter disappointment at this consummation, whatever of regret over the sudden blasting of a bright hope he had cherished, or satisfaction that his secret had not been exposed and subjected to her refusal, he gave no outward evidence. He was a strong, honest man, and suffered with the intensity of his whole nature. The short absence from Frampton Place, and consequently from Olive, together with the certainty of his mother's sympathy, were doubly welcome, coming coincidental as they did.

It was at this time that Mr. Chanty made his appearance, and delivered into Cecil's hands the famed Collingsbrooke diamonds. They were large, lustrous stones, of great value, uniquely set in old-fashioned mountings.

"They must be reset," said Mr. Frampton; "and you shall wear them at Olive's birthnight *fête*, Eve. My wife must represent the blue blood she inherits with due honor!"

Cecil smiled inscrutably, but agreeing with him, it was decided that the gems should be sent to the city at an early day.

Olive's birthday, regularly celebrated, was on this occasion to be fraught with an additional interest—the announcement of her own and Victor's betrothal.

The latter had urged his suit to Mr. Frampton with all of a lover's impetuosity with this gratifying result. Whatever Mr. Frampton's own scruples might have been in thus giving up the child who occupied a place in his affections truly as if he had been his own, his faith in his wife was sufficient to overrule his objections to resigning her to a comparative stranger.

The references D'Arno produced seemed amply satisfactory, and it was understood, though not yet definitely agreed upon, that there should be no long delay to try the patience of the young people.

Cecil remained apparently quiescent while the man who had been so much to her, for whom her whole soul yearned even now, pursued his intent. But the quietest surface sometimes conceals a restless underflow; and the stream is glassily smooth, though resistlessly strong, above the cataract.

These weeks of constant intercourses in the country home where all were thrown together unrestrainedly, had served to show her how futile was the strength of will she had prided herself upon; how slender was the bond connecting her with the new life she had falsely entered upon.

Victor came upon her suddenly, one morning, as she walked alone in the grounds. She had seemed to avoid him of late, and his own self-pride tempted him—beyond his better judgment, perhaps—to meet her in the old tender way.

"Cecil," he said, drawing her hand within his arm and timing his pace to suit hers, "you certainly can not blame me for the course I have taken. And while it is so, you must not deny me the happiness which you of all women only can give me. Try as you will, you can not banish me from your heart; if I did not know that, I might not be willing to wait."

She caught at his implied meaning breathlessly.

"To wait, Victor! For what?"

"Do you suppose that I could see you, Cecil, more radiant than when our changing fortunes wore upon your freshness, yet left you ever beautiful in my sight, be thrown with you day after day, and not remember your old true devotion—our happiness? I seem to have buried all the bitterness of our past in remembrances of its sweets. Do you think I can look back then, and while there is a chance of regaining the Paradise I once lost, put the hope of it out of my thoughts?"

"What do you mean, Victor? You speak in riddles!"

"I mean that our separation shall not be for all time, Cecil—that the obstacles existing now shall be swept away sooner or later, and until that time comes we will not deprive ourselves of the joy the knowledge may bring us."

"It can be," she half questioned, half assented. "Have you guessed my thoughts?"

"What are they?"

"You asked me once if I would give up my present position to take up our wandering life again. I thought I had trampled down woman's deepest weakness, that of loving; and I told you that nothing could

influence me to go back to it and you. But now, Victor, one word from you is enough to make me willingly your slave, if you will have it so."

"No, not that, Cecil! Mine with the equality which unselfish love demands, is all yours. It will not be so hard to be patient, now that we have this understanding, will it?"

"Why do you counsel patience? Why not create the sunshine of the present from what you picture so glowingly for our future?"

"Your husband is scarcely an old man yet, and he may live for years; but, in the common course of nature we will both survive him long enough. And I—"

"If it is your proposition to wait the decease of my husband, you have changed greatly since you wooed me of old. Why do you mock me with bright visions, if only to obscure them by such a patric suggestion?"

"You did not hear me out. I shall never ask you to share such a life as we once led. Let me follow my plans, gain possession of Olive's fortune, and then, Cecil, there will be no question of our future together."

"Olive! Do you mean that you will not give her up for me?"

"That would be folly. Remember, she is only my stepping-stone to ease and happiness, as Hugh Frampton must be yours."

"Oh, Victor, if there is to be any thing of the old ties between us, let us put away selfish considerations from the first."

"Ah, but then we could not avoid the old miseries."

"I have the Collingsbrooke diamonds, in themselves a fortune. We need never come to want."

"No, Cecil; I may revoke my word and claim some of that submission you tendered a moment ago. You must be guided by me in this, and be content, knowing the revival stronger than ever of my devotion to you."

"But to think of her as your wife! To know that she will receive the caresses which should be mine only! I frightened myself with the thoughts which the depths of my hatred for her suggest when that possibility thrusts itself before me."

"Though my wife she will not have my love, Cecil. If you were free now it might be otherwise, but while you are willing to break your bonds for my sake, you must endure as much as I have borne in the weeks past. Do you think I have had no pangs when I witnessed your tenderness to your fond old husband?" But I knew you truly as you know yourself, and had no fear of the issue.

"We must have wealth enough to insure our future from the chances of evil befalling, and for this end I will pursue my settled plans. With Olive's fortune and your marriage portion converted into ready money, you can afford to keep the diamonds as a *souvenir* of this time. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied, Cecil!"

"You are giving me the sorrest test of woman's love, Victor; but for your sake and my own I will bear it through. I can do now no more!"

A little more was said and then they parted. Cecil lingered still in the grounds, too full of the conscious unrest of guilty happiness to venture yet to face those she was planning with him to wrong.

So occupied was she in her own thoughts that she did not observe the approach of another until the shadow fell athwart her path. She looked up then and started back in superstitious terror. For a second she thought that the ghost of Eve Collingsbrooke stood before her, so pitiful was the resemblance between that wasted, somber-clad figure and the gentle mistress she had served.

Then, before a word had been spoken, she grappled with and conquered her momentary fear, losing it in another no less, knowing this to be Eve Collingsbrooke, alive.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE UNWELCOME GUEST.

Eve was the first to break the silence between them.

"It is really you, Cecil," said she. "I knew it must be so, but almost hoped for disappointment, because I did not wish to believe it of you. Yet I am glad that you too escaped! You thought me dead, did you not?"

"Yes; you must know that I did," Cecil replied. "Otherwise, I would have sought you out at once."

Eve looked at her doubtfully.

"Would you? Would you have relinquished the advantage which my supposed death afforded you?" You see, I know how you have wronged me!"

"I never meant to wrong you," Cecil declared, earnestly, wondering inwardly how much of her deception the other really knew. "Times have greatly changed for me since we were together last."

"Yes, I know. You are Mrs. Frampton now, the wife of the man who was to have been my husband. I know how you have deceived him, and of the other benefit you have derived from the usurpation of my name."

Cecil's doubt settled into certainty now. There was no use trying to blind Eve by a fresh deceit, as it had been in her mind to do. After all, it would have been difficult to have done so, and yet avert the exposure she feared. Her object now was to keep the presence of the other from being known by the household.

"Come this way where we can speak un molested," she said, leading the way down an obscure path at the further end of which was a neglected arbor, overgrown with matted vines. She entered this, and Eve, following with painful, dragging steps, sunk wearily upon the rude bench within.

"I never meant to wrong you," Cecil repeated. "I thought you were dead, and I was alone, friendless, unprovided for. It seemed so easy to secure loving care and a home; maybe you have known what it is to be without them since. If you have you can not blame me much, when I thought I was harming no one. I never would have done it had I known you were alive."

"You should not have deceived Mr. Frampton. What do you suppose I have come here for?"

"Not to betray me, don't say that! He loves me, and you would give him bitter grief without bringing good to yourself."

She knew the truth of what she said—and more—and shuddered at thought of the remorseless, unforgiving spirit such an exposure would be sure to arouse in Hugh Frampton.

"Perhaps so!" Eve spoke slowly and with effort. "I meant to have told him the truth; but I believe you, and am tempted to leave such retribution as your act deserves."

"It can be," she half questioned, half assented. "Have you guessed my thoughts?"

"What are they?"

"You asked me once if I would give up my present position to take up our wandering life again. I thought I had trampled down woman's deepest weakness, that of loving; and I told you that nothing could

find you in its own good time. Give me only what is mine, and you shall be free from fear or molestation from me."

"And that is?" questioned Cecil.

"The Collingsbrooke diamonds, which have descended rightfully to me. I ask no restitution for what would have been mine had no fate interposed to thwart those plans of which you have reaped the benefit. My legacy of diamonds will secure me comfortable independence, and that is all I ask or wish."

Cecil passed her hands slowly one above the other as she thought. Left to herself she would gladly have complied with Eve's demand, and thus have gained security to herself. But how could she account for the disappearance of the gems to her husband, at this time, too, of all others, when she knew they would be almost immediately missed? She formed one quick resolve, to gain time, and for this purpose prevaricated to Eve.

"The diamonds are not here," she said.

"I have sent them to the city to be reset. My husband expects me to wear them at a party to be given more than a week from this, and I dare not be without them then. You shall have them after that."

"That would be folly. Remember, she is only my stepping-stone to ease and happiness, as Hugh Frampton must be yours."

"Oh, Victor, if there is to be any thing of the old ties between us, let us put away selfish considerations from the first."

"Ah, but then we could not avoid the old miseries."

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Then, before a word had been spoken, she grapp

her humble, kind friend, and former landlady.

She moved her head restlessly, and her parched lips opened to the moan:

"Water! water!"

Cecil had brought food and a pitcher of ice-water as on the preceding evening. She saw at a glance that the viands upon the tray remained untouched, and knew how needless it would be to offer such. She gave her water at short intervals, until her thirst was for the time appeased; and then brought wraps and soft downy pillows with which to make the invalid's couch more comfortable.

When this was done, and she had bathed the fever-flushed face and burning hands, she went away again, leaving the blank darkness of the night, and the solitude of all those empty rooms to weigh down upon the distorted imagination of the sick girl.

After all there was no present need of the position she had procured. She had meant simply to keep Eve in a quiescent state, until she could mature her own plan of future action. The more she pondered, the more she felt that she could not give up the diamonds.

Beneath the fact that their absence would at once provoke questioning, was another consideration which she clung to with the faith which is born of selfish desire.

When Victor should know of this emergency, surely he would forego all other plans to snatch her from the threatening danger of exposure.

And the diamonds, if all else should fail, were in themselves sufficient to insure their future.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 107.)

Tracked to Death: OR, THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID,
AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCH,"
"SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHEEF," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.

IN HOT HASTE.

THREE days and part of a fourth had elapsed since Colonel Armstrong and his emigrants crossed the Colorado and went up the valley of the San Saba.

On the fourth, some hours before sunset, another party made the same crossing, and set their faces in the same direction—continuing on up the tributary river.

They were on horseback, without wagons or other impediments to retard the course of their journey. They appeared to be traveling in hot haste, mounted upon roadsters that were making good time, and had the look of having done so for days. One of them bestrode a mule.

There were five in the party, four being white men. The fifth, who rode the hybrid, was of a color closely resembling that of a new saddle.

A dog, of deerhound breed, was trotting behind.

It is scarcely necessary to tell who they were. The reader will have surmised that the white men were Clancy, Woodley, Heywood and Harkness; while he of the tan-leather complexion was Ephraim Dacke's runaway slave, Jupiter.

Soon after crossing the Colorado, they had struck the bank of the San Saba, along which they rode rapidly. They reached the fording-place of the latter stream just as night closed down upon them.

The moon would not be up for an hour or two; and it was now so dark that only one well used to the way could make further progress along the San Saba's bank, or attempt crossing the stream.

Simeon Woodley could have done this. He had been there before, and was intimately acquainted with the crossing, as also with the trail that led up the San Saba valley, on the right side of the river. This, so lately tracked by Armstrong's emigrant-train, made it all the easier to follow; so easy, that the old hunter, as he said in his forcible phrasology, "ked grope his way along it of the sky war kivered w' a coat o' tar."

He did not attempt to do this, although Clancy keenly desired it. The urgency of the latter arose from what Harkness had been telling them along the way. In addition to the information which the recreant jail-keeper had hastily imparted to them on the banks of the Sabine, he had since made other revelations of a like startling character. He had spoken of a diabolical plan that not only compromised the safety of Colonel Armstrong and his daughters, but the whole colony he had taken into Western Texas.

It was not of the colony Charles Clancy was thinking, and he was little anxious about its success. He could have borne the thought of its getting scattered to the four corners of Texas—even totally destroyed—if he were but sure of saving the Armstrongs from the terrible fate which, as he now knew, was impending over them.

It was chiefly the two girls who were in peril—one claiming his anxiety more than the other; in truth, almost absorbing it. Over the head of his sweetheart, late doubted, now more than ever beloved, hung a danger worse than death. He was hurrying forward in the hope of being able to avert it. No wonder at his desire for haste, and the nervous excitement he displayed while urging his companions onward.

It had been the same with him all the way since leaving the Sabine river. For weeks they had been following the wagon-trail of Armstrong's expedition; every day, as the signs told them, getting nearer it. But now they had arrived on the banks of the San Saba, and it was still not overtaken. Nor was it, when they had ridden up the stream and reached the ford where the wagons had made crossing to the right bank.

Clancy's anxiety but increased as they approached the spot where the colonists were to terminate their journey, now not more than ten miles off. For, by the revelations of Harkness, this was the place of danger most to be apprehended. There, along the river's bank, was the wagon-trail, clear to the eyes of all.

Had the emigrants succeeded in reaching a haven of safety? This was the thought now—the all-absorbing thought—of Charles Clancy; and the question he asked as he and his fellow-travelers had for a moment pulled up, and sat in their saddles contemplating the wheel-tracks.

It was to Simeon Woodley he addressed it. Heywood, however true his heart, was but a novice on the prairies; Harkness still only a sort of prisoner; and Jupiter a protege.

"Keep y'ur patience, Charley Clancy," was the backwoodsman's reply. "Take Sime

Woodley's word for 't, things'll be all right. Ye don't know Kurnel Armstrong as well's I do; though I admit you may have a better unnerstandin' o' the ways o' one as bears the same name. But for the old kurnel himself this coon's campaigned 'long wi' him in the Creek and Cherokee war, and kin say for sartin he won't go to sleep 'ithout keepin' one o' his eyes open—an' that the one as sees clarest. Tharfor, don't be unner any foolish belief 'bout that being attacked on thar journey—either by Indians or any other sort o' bandits as b'longs to the Texan prairies. His party was too strong, an' the men compositin' it too experienced, to be in any danger o' trouble on the way. Thet air more likely to come afterward, when they're settled down, an' ain't thinkin' o' any suspishun. Then that mout be a chance o' circumventin' them. An' then we'll be that to purvent it. Leastwise, Sime Woodley think so. Tharfor, as we're all tired down, our horses more'n ourselves, I say le's pass the night hyar, an' give the aymonds a rest. In the mornin', by early sun-up, we kin purcees on ag'in; an' afors mid-day we shall sight the walls o' the o'mishin, when I reckin, Charly Clancy, you'll find her you've been so long trackin' arter, all sooin' an' safe. Afore kumpny I won't say a word about who that ar."

This comforting assurance tranquilized Clancy's spirit, and checked his impatience. He, with his traveling companions and their horses, had need of rest. They had been journeying for over two weeks, at a rate of speed known only to pursuers.

In Woodley's opinion, this seemed no longer necessary; and, relying upon it, Clancy, the acknowledged leader of the party, consented to a halt.

They tied their horses to the trees, unsaddled them, cooked and ate their frugal supper; and then lay down to sleep on the San Saba's bank, close to the crossing-place, without having made passage of the stream. They had not even followed the path leading down to the river's ford, as far as the water's edge.

Had they done so, they might have observed other tracks than those made by the emigrants, who had crossed the stream some days before.

Had they done so, they might have observed other tracks than those made by the emigrants, who had crossed the stream some days before.

On the sloping bank, rendered soft by a late shower of rain, were the hoof-marks of at least twenty horses, most of them unshod. They appeared recent, as though made less than an hour before. And they were the traces of horses that carried men upon their backs. Any Texan could have told this.

Had Simeon Woodley, or even Clancy himself, seen them, he would at once have said so. And either would have known that their riders did not belong to the colonizing party of Colonel Armstrong.

But both might have suspected—ay, would have been sure to suspect—that they had something to do with it; in short, that they threatened its destruction.

Could Simeon Woodley or Charles Clancy, as the two lay down side by side on the river's edge, intending a tranquil sleep; could they have had revealed to them what was at that moment passing some few miles further up the San Saba, they would have started from their grassy couches; rushed direct for their horses, calling upon their fellow-travelers to do the same; and then, galloping across the ford, without fear of what was before them, spurred on toward the old Mission as if the building were in flames, and they alone had the power to extinguish them.

CHAPTER L. A SUSPECTED SERVANT.

In the former refectory of the Mission, which Colonel Armstrong—or, perhaps, better say Dupre—had converted into a decent dining-room, the colonel was seated, in company with his future son-in-law, and some four or five of their fellow-colonists of the better class. It was on an evening shortly after their taking possession of the place.

The hour was not late; only paulo-postprandial, if I may be allowed the use of a somewhat pedantic expression.

They were still around the dinner-table, after the ladies had withdrawn—drinking some of the choice claret and gnawing the well-preserved olives which the young Louisiana planter had brought along with him. It did not need either the red wine of Bordeaux, or the fruit of Southern France, to render the party hilarious. The splendid prospect before them—the hope of making fortunes by growing long-staple cotton which all of them had—was of itself sufficiently exhilarating.

Up to a certain hour this was the subject of their conversation. Then it became diverted to a different topic—to a man who had waited upon them at dinner, but who was no longer seen entering the room.

He was Dupre's confidential servant; a sort of steward or butler, having charge of important affairs, and ruler over the other domestics.

As is usual with such grand dignitaries, he had disappeared shortly after the removal of the table-cloth, leaving a deputy to look to the glasses and decanters. Therefore, there was nothing remarkable about his defection. Nor would there have been anything observable in it, but for a circumstance communicated by one of the guests during the course of the conversation. A young surgeon, late of Natchitoches, who had cast in his lot with the new colony, was he who made reference to the matter; which was introduced thus:

"Mr. Dupre, where did you get that fellow who is acting as your major-domo? I don't remember to have seen him on your Louisiana plantation."

"You man Fernand. Oh! I picked him up in Natchitoches, while we were organizing there. You know I lost my old right-hand man last fall by the yellow fever. It took him off while I was down in New Orleans. Fernand, however, is superior to him in every way. The fellow keeps plantation accounts, waits at table, drives a coach, or helps in a hunt. He's a genius of wonderful versatility; and, above all, devoted to his duties."

"What breed is he?" asked another of Colonel Armstrong's guests. "He looks to be a cross between Spaniard and Indian."

"That's just what he is—at least, he has told me so. He says his father was a Spaniard and his mother an Indian woman of the Seminole tribe. His real name is Fernandez; but for convenience I usually drop the final syllable."

"It's a half sort of cross, that between Spaniard and Seminole," remarked the second inquirer, but without giving his reasons.

"I don't like his looks," observed a third.

Then all around the table waited to hear what the first speaker had to say about him.

It was clear, from the way he had originated the conversation, that the young medical man either knew or suspected something prejudicial to the major-domo of mixed blood. He continued it by putting a second interrogatory.

"May I ask, Mr. Dupre, whether you had any character with him?"

"No, indeed," admitted the young planter. "He came to me just before we left Natchitoches, asking for an engagement. Any place, he said, would do for him. Seeing him to be a smart sort of fellow, which he certainly has proved, I engaged him to look after my personal baggage. Since, I have found him useful in other ways, and have given him full charge of every thing, even to the guarding of my modest money-chest; which, it is true, has got inside of some fifty thousand dollars, or thereabouts."

"In trusting him so," pursued the surgeon, "do you not think you are acting somewhat imprudently? I hope you will excuse me for making the observation."

"Oh, certainly," was the young planter's frank reply. "But why do you think so, Mr. Wharton?"

"Because I have more than one reason. First,

because I don't like the looks of the man. I never did since the day of starting out. Never having seen or heard of him before, I could have no impression to prejudice me against him. That came the first moment I set eyes on him, though I can't tell why.

In reading physiognomy any one may be mistaken; and I shouldn't have allowed myself to be led by that. In this matter, however, something besides—a thing of late occurrence—has contributed to the shaping of my judgment; in fact, decided me that your servant is not only dishonest, but that he may be even worse than a thief."

"Indeed!" was the almost simultaneous exclamation from all sides of the table, succeeded by universal demand for explanation.

"Your words have a weighty sound, doctor," was Colonel Armstrong's way of putting it. "We are all anxious to hear what they mean."

"Well," responded the young surgeon, "I'll tell you why I make use of them, and what has caused me to come to such sinister conclusions about Fernand. You can all, of course, draw your own deductions. Last night at a late hour—indeed, midnight—I took a fancy into my head to have a stroll upon the prairie. Lighting a weed, I started out. I can't say exactly how far I may have gone; but I know that the cigar—a long 'Henry Clay'—was burnt to near the end before I thought of turning back. As I was about to do so I heard a sound, easily made out to be the footsteps of a man, treading the firm prairie turf. I chanced just then to be standing under a pecan-tree that covered me with its shadow.

"I kept my ground without making any noise. Shortly after, I saw the man whose footfall I had heard, and recognized him as Mr. Dupre's head servant. He was coming from the direction of the lower crossing of the river, where, as you all know, there is no settlement of any kind. I might not have thought much of that, had I not noticed, as he passed me, going on for the house here, that he didn't walk erect or on the open path, but crouchingly, keeping among the trees that skirted it.

"Throwing away the stump of my cigar, I started after him, treading as stealthily as he. Instead of entering by the front, he kept round the garden-wall, all the way to the rear, where suddenly I lost sight of him. On coming up to the spot where he had so mysteriously disappeared, I saw that there was a breach in the adobe wall. Through that, of course, he must have passed, and entered the Mission building at the back. Now what are you to make of all that?"

"What do you make of it, Wharton?" asked Dupre. "Continue on, and tell us your deductions."

"To say the truth, I don't know what deductions to draw. I confess myself unable to account for the fellow's movements; which I think all of you will acknowledge to have been a little odd. As I've said, I didn't from the first like your man of versatile talents, and am now more than ever distrustful of him. For all that, I can't think of what he was after last night. Can any of you?"

No one could. The strange behavior of Fernand, as witnessed by Wharton, was a puzzle to all present. At the same time, and under the circumstances, it had a really serious aspect. Several attempts were made to explain it; all conjectures, and none of them with much appearance of probability.

Had there been any neighboring settlement of civilized men, Dupre's domestic might have been supposed returning from a visit to it; entering stealthily, from out late, under fear of rebuke by his master. As there were no such neighbors, this theory could not be entertained.

On the other hand, had there been any report of hostile savages seen in proximity to the place, the man's strange conduct might then have been accounted for, upon a hypothesis that would, no doubt, have carried apprehension to those who were discussing it.

As no savages had been seen or heard of—either on their way to the San Saba or since their arrival—as it was known that the Southern Comanches, the only Indians likely to be there encountered, were then in treaty of peace with the Texan Government, the nocturnal excursion and stealthy movements of the half-blood could not well be connected with any thing of this kind.

In fine, while being a puzzle to the guests around the dining-table, it remained for the time an unsolved problem.

Amid the free quaffing of claret, the gnawing of olives, and the cracking of walnuts—the nuts being of native growth, gathered out of the neglected Mission garden—the subject was dropped; the conversation turning to other and pleasanter themes.

CHAPTER LI. CONTRASTING EMBLEMS.

"WHAT sybarites the old Spanish padres must have been! Look at the way they have laid out these grounds! See the seats placed under shade trees. And how pretty that fountain must have looked when it was playing! Whatever may be said of their morals, it must be admitted they displayed good taste in their landscape-gardening, and they had an eye to luxury as well."

It was Jessie Armstrong who spoke thus learnedly; the speech addressed to her sister Helen, as the two were strolling through the garden grounds of the old Mission, a few days after becoming its inmates.

It was at night, instead of in the day—the same night, and at the same hour, when

the gentlemen around the dinner-table were discussing the character of the suspected servant.

On retiring from the table, the two young ladies, who on that evening chanced to be without company of their own sex, instead of shutting themselves up in the somewhat gloomy sala or sitting-room of the Mission, had strolled out into the open air—a bright moon having tempted them forth.

It was after they had been sauntering for some time along the garden paths that the younger of the two made her observations concerning the former occupants of the place.

"As to their sybaritic tastes," rejoined the elder, "I can't answer. One thing certain, they had a taste for fruit; and a great fondness for it, I should say. They appear also to have relished a goodly variety of it."

As Helen said this she glanced around at the trees. They were fruit-trees of almost

every species that send their products to market. Among them the orange, lime, and shaddock, the mango, guava and granadine, peaches and quinces, with the commoner stock of a more northern clime, as pears, apples, apricots, plums, pomegranates, cherries and nectarines. Here and there a coco-palm raised its plumed head, towering far above the tops of the exogenous species; and in warm, shady spots could be seen the broad, shining leaves of the plantain and banana. Not all of them were observable at that hour under the moonlight; but the girls had been in the garden before, and knew they were there.

As scarcely any of the above-mentioned trees are indigenous to Texas, they must have been introduced into the Mission garden by the men who, "leading a good life," also took good care to "live well."

"So much the 'better for us,'" gleefully remarked Jessie. "From so many sweet-scented flowers we shall be sure to obtain some savory fruit when the time comes. Oh, Helen! won't it be a beautiful place when we get these walks graveled and the fountain restored?" Louis had promised it shall be all done as soon as the cotton crop is planted. It will then

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"St. Jago!" murmured the Panther, in blank surprise.

On his part the herdsman looked at the Mexican with astonishment plainly apparent in his stolid features. It was evident that Lope was a stranger to him.

"Satan has answered my prayer, or else this is the strangest resemblance that the world has ever seen," the adventurer muttered between his teeth.

A second searching glance the Panther gave at the dusky face of the herdsman.

"It can not be accident," he muttered, in a tone of firm conviction.

Then with a gracious smile upon his face, he accosted the herdsman.

"Senor, I never saw such a resemblance in all my life—your face and the features of a comrade of mine with whom I served in Southern Mexico some twenty years ago. He was somewhat lighter in complexion than yourself, but the moment I saw your face, I inwardly exclaim'd, you're the son of my old friend. What might I call your name?"

"Juan," replied the herdsman, evidently thoroughly astonished by the manner of the stranger.

"And you are employed by my worthy friend, Ponce de Bandera here?" the Panther questioned, carelessly.

"Yes, señor; I was engaged this very day."

"Is Bandera blind?" muttered the Panther between his teeth, "or has he noted the resemblance and taken this fellow into his service that he might keep his eyes upon him? The first move in the game is his, but the second is mine, and I'll play at once. Now, my gentle Ponce, put your wits to work, for it is a nut of iron that I give you to crack."

Lope stepped forward, and placed his hand upon the shoulder of the herdsman with an appearance of great kindness.

"By the saints, I swear that the sight of your face is more welcome to me than would be the gift of a hundred golden ounces. That you are the son of my old friend I am sure. What was your father's name?"

"I do not know, señor," replied the herdsman; "I never knew who my parents were. I am an orphan."

"But you remember something of your childhood?"

"Oh, yes."

"My life against a coyote's that you are the man I take you for!" cried Lope, confidently.

"If you have nothing better to do, come with me, and over a glass of mescal you shall tell me of your life, and then, possibly, I can put you on a scent which shall lead to fortune."

The herdsman opened his great black eyes wide in astonishment.

"Oh, no doubt my power until I have tried and failed!" exclaimed the Panther.

"Come with me and test whether my guess be true or false."

The herdsman rose slowly to his feet; there was a peculiar look upon his dusky face and a strange light shining in his dark eyes.

"Well, I will go, señor," he said.

The Panther cast a rapid glance at the herdsman's face as he passed by him. In the face he saw something that puzzled him. There was a certain expression there that seemed foreign to the stolid features of the half-breed.

"I must take care how I handle this tool," he murmured to himself, as he passed through the gateway and led the way into the gloom; "the edge is sharp, and I may cut my own fingers with it if I am not watchful."

In the road the adventurer drew the arm of the herdsman within his own, and the two bent their footsteps toward Dhanis.

As they walked on, arm and arm, the Panther beguiled the way with many a strange story of daring adventures and desperate struggles for fortune.

The herdsman listened attentively, but made answer only by monosyllables.

If it was the purpose of the adventurer to draw the other from his reserve he failed most signally. But Lope, neither by word or look betrayed that he was defeated in his endeavor.

The silver tone of the Mission bell, ringing out clear on the night air, told that the hour of ten had come, when the strange comrades halted before the door of the little wine-shop kept by Diego.

The light shining through the lattice window showed that the wine-shop was still open.

Without ceremony, Lope pushed open the door and entered, the herdsman following at his heels.

Diego sat within the room, fast asleep.

The abrupt entrance of the two awoke him rudely from his slumber. He rose, rubbed his eyes, and scowled deeply when he saw that the adventurer was his guest.

"A flask of mescal, worthy Diego," said the Panther, tossing a silver coin down upon the table.

The dull eyes of the Mexican host brightened somewhat at the sight of the glittering coin.

"Yes, señor," he said, picking up the money and quitting the room.

"Be seated, señor!" cried Lope, courteously placing a chair for the herdsman.

The half-breed seated himself by the table, but, as he sat down, cast a wary glance around as though he feared danger.

The look was not lost upon Lope.

"What the devil is he afraid of?" the Panther muttered to himself. "One would think that he was a criminal who feared an officer of justice in each shadow."

The Panther sat down opposite to his guest, just a little puzzled.

Diego brought the flask of mescal into the room, placed it upon the table and then withdrew.

Lope filled the leaden cups, which were on the table, full to the brim with the fiery liquor, pushed one across to the herdsman and raised the other to his lips.

"We'll drink to your father's memory," he said.

At a single draught the Panther drained the cup, but the herdsman only tasted the liquor, and an expression of disgust came over his face as the potent fluid coursed down his throat.

"You do not fancy the liquor," Lope said, in astonishment.

"It burns like fire," the herdsman answered.

"Sure proof of strength and goodness!" Lope exclaimed. "Perhaps you prefer wine?"

"I don't know," the herdsman replied, simply.

"Don't know?" cried the adventurer, thoroughly astonished.

"No; I never tasted this liquid fire before," the other said, disgust in his tone and

face. "It is only fit for dogs; it makes a man a beast," and with a single motion of his wrist he spilled the liquor upon the floor.

"A half-breed who don't drink!" muttered Lope to himself, in wonder; "the age of miracles has come again; next we will hear of an Indian who will not kill, or a Government official who will not steal!"

"You wished to tell me something of my parents?" the herdsman said, abruptly.

"Yes, but time enough for that; the night is still young. Do you like to hear stories? I have a wonderful store—strange ones, too. I'll tell you one that your father once told to me; that is, when I say 'your father,' I mean my old comrade-in-arms, whose son I think you are." Lope said, without giving the herdsman a chance to the ground despite his efforts to rise.

"Wake snakes! but we've whipped tarnation right out of them, the pisoned sarpins!" cried Crockett, in triumph.

"I thank you for my life!" exclaimed the Mustanger, still holding the writhing Mexican in a grasp of iron.

"Navy time!" replied the borderer; "but this splendidorous she-crier hys the gal you saved from the back of the wild hoss."

"And who thus repays the debt she owed?" said the girl, in her low, soft tones.

"But what on earth have you got that? a pig, a coon, or a grizzly b'ar?" asked Crockett, with a grin, referring to the struggling Mexican.

"Worse; a cowardly Mexican murderer," replied the Mustanger, his knife at the throat of the Snake, threatening instant death.

"Kill the durned skunk," ejaculated Crockett, enjoying the terror of the yellow ruffian.

"Mercy, señor!" gasped the Snake.

"Would you have shown mercy to me had fortune favored your attack?" asked Gilbert, sternly.

"I only acted under orders," the Mexican said, in extreme terror.

"The mean, sneaking cuss ought for to die," cried Crockett; "but don't soil your knife by stickin' it into him; jest hold up his head, and let me grin him to death."

"Who employed you to murder me?"

"I don't know," the Mexican gasped.

"You lie, you son of a peraife dog!" cried Crockett, expressing his contempt for the prostrate Mexican, by bestowing a hearty kick upon that unfortunate gentleman.

"Spit out who it was, or I'll boot you to death, by thunder!"

The Snake glared around him. No avenue of escape appeared to his view; he was a helpless prisoner in the hands of the man whose life he had sought. He had little doubt that the stalwart American would keep his word, and the slight touch that he had already felt of the muscular foot of the borderer, had fully convinced him that to be kicked to death was not the most pleasant ending possible.

"If I speak, will you let me go free?" he asked, humbly.

"Yes," Gilbert replied.

"Don't you do you, Gil!" cried Crockett.

"Make him speak, and then let me eat him afterward. I ain't had a raw Mexican fur some time, an' my jays r'ally water fur this fat little yaller cuss," and Crockett smacked his lips with a hearty crack.

Pepe groaned in terror.

"And I may seek you there then?"

"We must part," she murmured; "I dare not stay longer. If my absence should be discovered, some one might come in search of me. I do not think that there is much danger of that, though, for I have made a confidant of Inez, and she has wit enough to conceal my absence."

"When shall I see you again?" Gilbert asked.

To-morrow afternoon, when the sun begins to lose his power, I shall ride on the prairie, northward by the river," she replied, with a meaning smile.

"The prairie is free to all. If you choose to ride by the river as well as I, what harm is there in it?" Giralda answered, with a charming glance.

"I shall ride to-morrow, and my course will be northward by the river," the Mustanger said.

"Oh, how dreadful it is that we are obliged to devise and plot how, where and when to meet!" the girl cried, impatiently.

"My love is so strong, and you are so worthy of it, that I should not be ashamed to have all the world know of it."

"Giralia, but one more secret meeting, and then we will act openly," the Mustanger said, resolutely.

"I will go to your father, tell him that I love you, and ask him frankly for the priceless treasure that he has the power to give."

"And if he refuses you?" murmured the girl, softly, again nestling close to her lover's breast.

"The course of action rests with you," Gilbert replied. "Consent to go with me and I'll take you, in spite of all Mexico."

"It is a fearful thing to disobey a parent's will," Giralda said, slowly.

Gilbert did not doubt that the prostrate ruffian spoke the truth. He rose to his feet, releasing the Mexican.

"Go on; but beware how you attempt to deceive us!" said the Mustanger, sternly.

"Ef he lies a mite, I'll tan his hide to make me moccasins!" exclaimed Crockett.

Again Pepe shuddered at the fearful threat.

"I will speak nothing but the truth," he said, earnestly. "Ponce de Bandera wished us to attack you, and placed us in ambush."

"I reckoned that it was either the old Don or the young Mexican cuss," Crockett murmured.

"Spare me, and I will tell all I know," cried Pepe, in abject terror.

"Go on; but beware how you attempt to deceive us!" said the Mustanger, sternly.

"Ef he lies a mite, I'll tan his hide to make me moccasins!" exclaimed Crockett.

With a single bound the Mexican disappeared in the thicket.

Crockett examined the two who had fallen in the struggle.

Dago was bleeding profusely, but still breathed, while Red Jose seemed to be killed outright.

I reckoned that he wouldn't be worth much for this world after I fotted him a lick with my rifle-but, unless he had a head thicker'n a buffer bull's," Crockett remarked.

"We'll leave them to their fate," Gilbert said, and the three quitted the spot.

Jose such a fearful blow, was Davy Crockett; the second, who had fired the shot which had laid the chief of the White Indians, Michael Dago, in the dust, was Silver Spear, the Red Mazeppa!

By the time that Crockett and the Indian girl reached the side of Gilbert, the Mustanger had conquered his assailant, Pepe the Snake, and with his iron hand choking the breath out of him, held him firmly to the ground despite his efforts to rise.

"Wake snakes! but we've whipped tarnation right out of them, the pisoned sarpins!" cried Crockett, in triumph.

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The features of the herdsman showed traces of strong agitation. Mechanically he passed his hand across his brow as though by the action to quicken thought.

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AN AP-OYSTER-PHE

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Thou lonely stranger from the unshumbering
morn,
My hand hath torn thee from thy home,
Where lie the mold'ring wrecks of sunken ships,
And sold thee with some others of thy friends
At the low price of eighteen cents for six!
How did thy tender heart then mourn
To see thy lowly native of the choice!
What sad farewells run under thy green sea,
And waving hands wafted a long adieu!

And, oh! what tears bedewed thy pensive eyes
As slowly thou saw the other decks you rose,
Till in the pitchdark of the gloomy fairies,
And saw st thy captor, an old oysterman,
Who chewed tobacco as he piled his trade,
And heard him say, "A jolly haul, by jing."

Methinks there is sorrow in the sea
Over thine absence, thou sweet, edible thing!
Thy darling love no more'll serenade
With tender songs, on her front step by night,
Or draw sweet numbers from thy tuneful shell.
Nor will thou meet her at the thyrsing-place,
Nor take thy evening ramble by her side.

I see thee lying my plate to-day,
With much regret and a keen appetite,
And thy symphony of the ocean fairies,
The prize of the hungriest mouth of man,
Thou art the idol of my dreams, the being
That my soul hungers for three times a day
With other company, such as sance and things,
When I am forced to eat a man
I'm hungry enough to swallow a rat-trap.
To get the piece of cheese it's bared with.
Thou're gone! Thy trip was quick, but I
Your most devoted and affectionate friend.

Fairy Story.

The Wonderful Ball.

BY E. WILLETT.

IN THREE PARTS—PART II.

HARRY was very glad when the horse's feet touched the ground, and he found himself alive, with no limbs broken.

He looked around, and saw that he was in a narrow place, between two great walls of rock, that towered up so high on each side of him that he could see only a narrow strip of sky over his head. There was no water in this place, nor any plant or other living thing, except himself and the pony; all was dark, dismal and forbidding. To add to the horrors of the place, each end was closed up with a wall of rock, similar to those at the side. There was no more chance to get out, Harry thought, than if he had been at the bottom of a very deep well.

The pony had been growing smaller, while Harry was looking about him, until the boy's feet touched the ground, and he found himself on foot, without the trouble of dismounting. In a few minutes the pony was no bigger than when he first came out of the ball, and he hopped up on Harry's hand, and whinnied, as if to make known that he wanted to get back into the ball.

This did not suit Harry, who was right angry with the pony for having brought him into such a terrible place, where he must surely starve to death, as it would be impossible to get out.

"I'll not let you go back," he said, quite peevishly. "You have brought me into this place, and you must take me out of it. You had better do it, or I will hurt you."

As Harry said this, the ball that was in his pocket began to swell, and gave him a strange sensation. He tried to take it out; but it was so big that he could not budge it. He was fairly frightened, and knew not what he should do, until he remembered what the fairy had told him, and felt that he had not been acting right. He spoke kindly to the horse, and the ball popped out of his pocket, and the pony gladly jumped into it.

Harry then tapped his nose three times with the ball, hoping that some means of getting out of that place would be given him. The ball flew open, and out came a tiny hammer, no bigger than his little finger. It grew larger, but was not a heavy hammer when it was at its biggest.

"What, now, am I expected to do with this useless tool?" said the boy. "The fairy must surely be very silly, if she thinks that I can break my way through the solid rock with this mite of a hammer."

He stepped forward, and laughed as he struck the stone with the hammer. To his great surprise the rock flew open like a door, leaving a space which he could easily enter. He hastened to pass through, and the sight that he then saw fully repaid him for his trouble and anxiety.

A pleasant walk, paved with pebbles that shone like silver, led to a very pretty brown cottage, the door of which stood invitingly open. In front of the door, near a sparkling little spring, in the cool shade of the broad-leaved trees, sat one little old woman, spinning. As Harry came up the walk, she rose from her seat, and held out her hand, and he recognized the fairy who had given him the ball.

After telling him that she was glad he had come to visit her, she shook a tree, and down tumbled a great pile of ripe apples. She bade Harry help himself, and he ate heartily, as the fruit was far more luscious than any he had ever tasted. When he was satisfied, she made him sit down on the soft grass in the shade, and began to talk to him. She told him that she was very glad that he had learned how to use his wonderful ball, and that he was not afraid to use it, as she wished to ask him to do her a great favor.

Harry, who felt in a very good humor after his feast of apples, as well as very brave, declared that he was ready to do any thing she might wish him to do, and begged her to tell him the nature of the favor.

"I have an enemy," she said, "the wicked fairy Spretta. Out of spite she stole my only child, my son, who, were it not for her wiles, would now be one of the princes of Elfin Land. When she had got him into her power, she changed him by her spells and enchantments, so that it is impossible for him to return to his own people, and he is a slave among the ignorant barbarians who live over yonder," pointing down the valley. "If he could once step across the line into Elfin Land, he would be free from her enchantments; but he is a cripple, and not able to walk."

"How shall I know him?" asked Harry, who was eager to undertake the task.

"When you see a little deformed fellow, who is kicked and cuffed by everybody, you may know that he is the prince."

"No doubt that I will bring him to you."

"I hope you may, as I have waited a long time—ever since you were born—for you to come and help me. But there is one thing about which I must caution you. If you speak an angry word while you are in that land, you will never be able to bring him across the line."

Harry was sure that he would not permit his anger to rise, and he gladly darted away, in the direction pointed out by the fairy.

He went through the beautiful meadow, and waded across a little brook. Then he looked back, and saw—nothing at all. Elfin Land had disappeared, and a heavy white mist hung over the place where it had been.

This was strange enough to Harry; but he pressed on, not at all daunted, through the rough and barren country in which he then found himself, until he came to a town, composed of miserable little mud-huts, inhabited by a race of small, bow-legged people, with big heads and long arms, so ugly and dirty that Harry was almost afraid to look at them.

They did nothing to interfere with the boy, however, and he walked up the filthy street, looking for the fairy's son, until he came to the center of the town. There he saw a little fellow, not half as big as himself, dragging his lean and withered form through the dirt on his hands and knees. Over him stood one of the ugly little men, who kicked and cuffed him until he was tired.

Not knowing what to do, Harry sat down on a stone, and crossed one leg over another.

"Let me ride upon your foot, master," said the ugly little man, and with that he at once jumped astride of Harry's foot. No sooner had he done so, perching himself on the toe, than the foot began to grow,

Camp-Fire Yarns.

From the Brink of the Fall.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"YES," said Old John, in connection with a remark one of the rangers had made. "I think the man known as the *Spotted Ranger* was one of, if not the most, in many respects, extraordinary individuals I have ever heard of on the border."

This was strong language for Old John to use, and every ear was instantly pricked up to hear what was to follow.

"When I first knew him he lived in a little ranch up on the head-waters of the Colorado, entirely alone among the Comanches, upon whom he made relentless war, and yet, for a long time, set the entire tribe at defiance. Small in stature, but lithe and active as a deer, he did not look the dangerous man he really was."

"But I started to tell you of an incident in which the Spotted Ranger, as well as myself, were concerned, and which gave me a pretty good idea of what a man can do when he once sets himself, head on, to do it."

"Late one afternoon, while hanging on the trail of a large band of Comanche, who I feared, were making for the settlements below, I came across fresh wagon-tracks, which, with the other sign, showed that a party of travelers of some kind had crossed the trail I was following at right angles, and shortly after the Indians had passed. The red-skins were moving southward, while the red-trail tended west."

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